

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

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CHAPTER VI.

Then, with this last thought, a burning sense of shame filled the young officer's soul. The face of his old commander suddenly rose vividly before him. He saw his earnest gaze; heard the warning words: "If Lieutenant Roland has not returned by eight o'clock this evening, I shall believe that he is either dead or dishonored." And at the same moment William felt that he could not stand in his presence with a lie or an evasion on his lips; that he must tell him the truth; and with this thought the struggle was over.

He released himself so hastily, so abruptly, that the young girl almost tottered back. His lips quivered, but his voice was as firm as when he made the fateful promise.

"I cannot be a dishonored man, Florence, not even for the prize of your hand. If you fear Edward more than you love me—if you have not the courage to defend this love against him—why, I must lose you. I will not break my word of honor."

Florence had shrunk back. Her dark eyes rested with a look of mingled surprise and anger upon the man, whose rigid sense of duty she could not understand. Here she could frame an answer, the door again opened, and a stranger appeared on the threshold. It was a young man in uniform, who paused a moment, scanning the pair with a hurried glance, then courteously approached the lady.

"Pardon this intrusion, Miss Harrison. Allow me to request a brief private interview with this gentleman. I have some important news for him."

Florence recognized Captain Wilson, Edward's friend, whom she had seen several times. She knew only too well what had brought him to Springfield that day, but this sudden entrance into her drawing-room aroused the utmost astonishment. For the moment

made with the greatest caution. Edward's revenge was swift and sure. "I do not know you, sir," said the young officer slowly, without lowering his weapon or averting his eyes from his enemy. "You, on the contrary, seem to be very well informed concerning my personality. In that case, you probably are also aware that I am in the house of my future father-in-law, and came solely to see my betrothed bride. By what right do you attack me?"

Wilson shrugged his shoulders. "By the same right which you would exercise if an officer of the hostile army should fall into your hands in disguise. I am a soldier and must discharge my duty; it is not my business to inquire the motive that brought you here. Will you surrender?"

"So long as I carry a weapon, no! However the struggle may end, the first man who touches me I will shoot down!"

"Then you will force me to extreme measures. The consequences must be on your head."

The captain turned toward the terrace, with the intention of summoning the men who were waiting there, when Florence, who had stood trembling and deadly pale, anticipated him. She rushed past him to Roland, threw herself on his breast, and clinging to him frantically, exclaimed: "You must not, William! There are ten to one! You will be conquered in the struggle! They will kill you!"

"Let me go, Florence! Let me go, I say!"

William was vainly striving to release himself, when Captain Wilson, taking advantage of the favorable moment in which his enemy was defenseless in the arms that clasped him so closely, with a rapid movement

know the traitor—and now I will ask only a moment longer."

He went to his fiancé and bent over her, but just at that moment a side-door was hastily flung open and Ralph rushed in.

"Miss Florence, master is asking for you. He has suddenly grown worse. We are afraid the end is near."

Florence had hitherto found it difficult to sustain herself. This last blow threatened to crush her. She tottered and would have fallen had not William clasped her in his arms. "I cannot go!" she murmured, despairingly. "Not at this moment! William! What will become of you?"

"Lieutenant Roland is my prisoner and under my protection," said William, with marked emphasis. "Have no anxiety for him. I will answer for his safety so long as he remains in Springfield."

"Go to your father," said William, pushing the trembling girl with gentle violence toward the door. "You hear? No harm will befall me, and your place is there. Courage, my poor Florence! I cannot be with you in this trying hour, but, at least, you know that I am near. So be resolute."

He gave her to Ralph, who drew the half-senseless girl away with him, and then went back to the captain.

"If you wish to go to the sick-room," said the latter, in a low tone, "I will not prevent you."

William made a gesture of refusal.

"No. After what has passed between me and the sick man, my presence could not help exerting a bad influence upon him. He has no suspicion that I am here; let him remain ignorant of it. I thank you for your consideration, sir. Let us go!"

The servants, at the captain's order, had left their posts at the doors, but stood whispering together with troubled faces. Ralph had betrayed that the officer under arrest was Miss Florence's lover. And it had happened in her own house! True, the master of the house had had no share in it; they all knew now that he was dying.

Edward Harrison, pacing up and down the drawing-room alone, with a cloud upon his brow, knew it also. The end so long expected was coming more quickly than had been supposed. The physician had given the sick man days, and now, at the utmost, there were only hours. Yet Edward had not courage to enter the apartment where Florence was, and had Ralph bring him reports, which constantly grew more alarming.

Then Captain Wilson entered, but the cordiality with which he usually treated young Harrison had given place to cold formality; he bowed as if he were saluting a stranger.

"I wished to inform you that I am going to the city to report the capture," he said, distantly. "An escort will be sent for the prisoner; until then he must remain at Springfield."

Edward did not appear to notice the icy coldness in the tone and manner of his former friend, and answered quietly, as if the point in question were a matter of the utmost indifference:

"Have no anxiety. I'll see that the spy doesn't escape us."

"I am positive that Lieutenant Roland is not a spy," replied Wilson, with marked emphasis. "What brought him here is perfectly apparent, and I shall make my opinion as emphatic as possible at the court-martial."
(To be continued.)

THE MEMORY OF FISH.

Sometimes Keeps Them from Being a Second Time.

Fishermen believe that a fish almost caught a first time does not easily let itself be caught a second time, that he remembers the pain he suffered, and that he even lets his companions know his cruel experience. This is easily accounted for by their memory and M. Semon gives an incident characteristic of the subject which shows that certain fish have their memory seconded by a particular gift of observation. He had seen around a ship in which he was sailing a number of those curious fish called echinoids remora, one of the peculiarities of which is that on the top of the head they have a kind of hook, which permits them to attach themselves to a vessel or to the belly of fish larger than themselves. M. Semon wished to procure some specimens and threw into the water a hook baited with a piece of crab. A first remora was soon taken, but the others, having evidently seen the capture, allowed the line to be thrown into the water many times without even touching it. They remained attached to the vessel, regarding with an indifferent eye the most succulent bits that could be offered them. M. Semon renewed the experiment, and in no case could he capture two remoras belonging to the same band. These fish have evidently powers of observation and a well-developed memory.

Disheveled.

From Judge: Beth was deeply interested in a weeping willow that her father had planted the night before on the lawn. "Come, mamma, hurry!" she called, as she looked from the sitting room window, "and see this cunning little tree with its hair all down."

Somewhat Different.

The Maid—A man who has two many wives is a bigamist, isn't he? The Bachelor—Not necessarily. A bigamist is a man who has two or more wives.—Chicago News.

Bodily labor alleviates the pains of the mind; and hence arises the happiness of the poor.—La Rochefoucauld

IN POLLY'S STUDIO.

I had gone around to Polly's studio to ask her to go with me to Horton's freak museum, where, by some mistake of the management, there was on display a really fine collection of Chinese curios that had attracted much attention among the few connoisseurs who had dared enter the place. But the door had hardly closed behind me before we were quarreling about something—I've forgotten what. Five minutes later Polly was dabbling viciously at a canvas and I was glaring into the pages of a magazine six months old.

A knock sounded at the door—a decided tap followed by two or three lighter and hesitating ones. Polly's face wrinkled. "That sounds just like Mr. Peters' knock," she said, crossly. "I wonder what that man can want, anyhow."

She laid her palette and brush down and walked to the door, wiping her hands on the checked apron that enveloped her from chin to toes. For an instant I was happy in thinking of the frosty reception Mr. Peters was about to receive—just the kind he deserved. Then the door opened.

"Why, Mr. Peters!" cried Polly, graciously—decidedly too graciously, it seemed to me—holding out a hand to him. "It's you, is it? Come right in!"

"Thank you—thank you, Miss Matson," he said, bowing repeatedly as he entered. "I'm very pleased to see you. I've been—"

Just then he stopped, for he had caught sight of me. The look on his face told me that his pleasure in seeing Polly did not also include seeing me.

"You have met Mr. Minton, have you?" asked Polly, who noticed his pause.

Peters mumbled out a few words and I remarked that I thought I had met him some place—I had met him

censured her, with an eloquent wave of the right hand.

I saw a chance of playing against Polly the same little game she was playing against me, and I did not pass my opportunity. "It's all right, Polly," I said, carelessly. "You'll enjoy it."

Polly looked up quickly, showing a sudden loss of interest in Peters.

"Why, how do you know?" "I was with a young lady there. Nothing in the least reprehensible about it. We had a jolly time. You and Mr. Peters will like it, too."

There was a short silence; then Polly spoke in a voice that tried to be indifferent: "With whom did you go?"

"A young lady friend of mine," I answered, unconcernedly. I glanced at her covertly and saw that she was not happy. I felt happier.

Since Polly had lost her volubility Peters began to grow uncomfortable. I saw him twist about in his chair and fumble with the band on his hat. Finally he rose.

"I suppose I can call for you tomorrow evening then?" he said.

Polly fingered her chin and looked at the floor as though in deep study. "I spoke hastily when I said I'd go. I'm not so certain now that I think of it. There are some things I really ought to do tomorrow night." She paused, then shook her head slowly. "No, after all, Mr. Peters, I really can't go."

She rose from her chair and started toward the door by starting toward it herself—Polly is finished in the art of dismissing. She waited until the sound of his footsteps had died away, then marched across the room and took her stand, determinedly, in front of me.

"Now, who is she?" she demanded.

"Who's who?" I asked, putting on an air of surprise.

"You knew well enough. The girl you were out with the other night."

"Tuesday night?" I hazarded, finding

I nodded my head. "No, not very. It's because she's like you that I admire her."

"Now, how is she like me?" "She's like you because she is—"

I turned my head and looked into the little eager face above my shoulder—"because she is you."

Polly straightened up and quickly moved around in front of me. "What's that? What do you mean?" she cried, in amazement. "She's like me—she is me! Then I'm the girl?"

"You are the girl," I smiled up into her face.

"But I wasn't out with you."

"Tuesday night?" I suggested.

She studied for an instant. "Why, that's the evening we went to the theater after uncle left."

She stared at me in silence and a look of disgust came upon her face. Then she turned about squarely and left me gazing at her back. "Oh, paw!" she said.

I bided my time, knowing she would turn around, and this she did, and I saw on her face the beginning of a smile.

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't some other girl," she said.

"So am I," I agreed—and at this the smile increased.

"But the girl you were with at Horton's?" she spoke up suddenly. "You said you were there with one."

"I was in there for just a few minutes, and happened to see Miss Stanton. I was with her for about half a minute."

Again Polly stared at me. "You're a fraud," she commented.

"I know it," I admitted, cheerfully.

"And what's worse, you caused me to refuse Mr. Peters. See here, you've got to be punished." She was shaking a forefinger at me. "I'll just make you take me up to see the curios. I really want to go."

"Certainly," said I. "I came around for the sole purpose of asking you."

"And you'd like to take me?" Her eyebrows went up.

"Of course."

"Well, we won't go, then," said Polly, decidedly. "You've got to be punished somehow."

Famine Camp.

The author of "Enchanted India" gives a vivid and heart-sickening picture of one of the famine camps, established all over India to afford the means of earning a living to those whom the scourge had driven from their native provinces. Two or three thousand haggard and fleshless beings were digging or carrying earth to form an embankment for a railway or a road. With arms scarcely thicker than the handles of the tools they wielded, the laborers gasped for air, tired in a minute, and paused to rest in spite of the abuse of the overseers. Emaciated women, in their tattered saris, carried little baskets on their heads containing a few handfuls of earth, which they could scarcely lift. One of them, wrinkled and shrunken, looked a hundred years old, tottering under her load. On reaching the spot where she was to empty out the soil, she leaned forward a little and let the whole thing fall, indifferent to the dust which covered her and filled her mouth and eyes; and after taking breath for a moment, off she went again as if walking in her sleep. The men are paid as much as 2 annas (3 pennies) a day. The women earn 10, 7 or 3 cowries (shells at the rate of about 150 to the anna) for each basket-load, according to the distance, and can make as much as 1 anna a day. All these toilers had to support others belonging to them. These, unable to work, squatted about the camp in their desolate and pitiable misery. And the food was insufficient for any of them, only hindering the poor creatures from dying at once. The baboo, who has lost caste and been half civilized in the Anglo-Indian colleges, is always the middleman between the government and the poor; and he, barefaced, and with no pretence of concealment, took 20 per cent of the wages he was supposed to pay the laborers. And there were none but baboos to superintend the poorhouse and the famine camps.

Making Him Whole.

"It takes the glorious old west to do business," said the man with the alligator grip, as he boarded the train at St. Paul. "We of the east are not in it a little bit." "Anything to relate?" queried one of the passengers as he woke up. "Just a few words. I traveled from New York to Chicago with a staving-looking girl. At Buffalo I was gone on her. At Detroit we were engaged. As we reached Chicago she had set the date. I returned home, wrote her 320 love letters and came out here to get married. She decided that she would marry another. She estimated the value of my time at \$500, the worth of my letters at \$300 and my broken heart at \$200, and drew me a check for \$1,000, and here it is. Gave her a receipt in full to date, kissed her goodbye and here you are and here I am. There's but one way to do business and the west knows all about it. Yes, check for a thousand and how many of you gentlemen will smoke a good cigar at my expense?"—Chicago News.

Concerning Ivorys.

Silver for toilet table articles will always hold its own, but ivory today is the most distinguished material of which brushes, combs, powder boxes, hand mirrors and the like can be made. It is better for a person who is collecting the furniture for a dressing-table to put money gradually into fine pieces of ivory rather than silver. Ivory of the best quality is steadily increasing in value. Every year the number of elephants decreases. The time is almost here when the ivory-bearing elephants of central Africa will be extinct. Collections of ivory now fetch large prices. It is not surprising, therefore, that ivory toilet articles should be eagerly sought.



SHE RUSHED PAST HIM TO ROLAND.

she lacked the least comprehension of the situation.

But William understood it better. He saw the Confederate uniform, and with it the danger menacing him, and slowly thrusting his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, where he carried his pistol, he replied with cold formality:

"I shall be at your service, sir, as soon as my conversation with Miss Harrison is over. We have some important matters to discuss, so I beg—"

Glance and tone plainly requested the captain to retire. But instead of doing so, he advanced close to the young officer, saying in a low tone:

"I wish to spare the lady, and hope you will aid me—Lieutenant William Roland."

William started. He perceived that he was betrayed, and did not doubt a moment the author of the treachery. To deny his identity was impossible. Only prompt action could be of service now. If he succeeded in reaching his horse, which was fastened a few hundred paces from the house, escape might yet be possible. Hastily retreating a few steps, at the same time drawing his revolver, he said in a loud, sharp tone:

"Well, what do you want with Lieutenant Roland?"

Florence uttered a cry of terror. She, too, now suddenly realized the full extent of the peril, but the captain remained unmoved, though the pistol was aimed at him.

"Yield, Mr. Roland," he said, quietly. "Resistance would be vain. You will not find your horse where you left him; all the exits from the house are guarded; and the servants have orders to prevent your departure by force. Convince yourself that flight has become an impossibility."

He pointed toward the terrace and William's eyes followed the gesture. He really did see several figures whose faces were unfamiliar to him, and who certainly would not feel to carry out the orders which they had received.

The preparations had evidently been



POLLY LOOKED UP QUICKLY.

at least a dozen times. I couldn't forgive him for trying to hold Polly's hand, not even after the joy I had experienced at cheating him out of his dance with her at the fancy dress ball.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," said Polly, and then glanced slyly at me to see how I was taking it. "Why, I haven't seen you since the night of the ball. I was very sorry I didn't get to dance with you that night. As it was I had to dance that number out with Mr. Minton."

Again Peters smiled—and he had reason to smile. I began considering the propriety of throwing him out. He had no right to smile and be smiled at in such a fashion—of that there was no doubt. I glanced at one of the windows and wondered how a 10-story fall would affect his constitution. A little later I found myself raising the window—preparation for the extreme measure I felt impelled to take. For Polly hadn't looked at me since Peters came in and was now leaning forward talking to him as though there was not another of his kind on earth. I understood perfectly that the object of her disregard for me and her sudden regard for Peters was to make me jealous. But in spite of my understanding she was thoroughly successful.

"I dropped in to ask you if you wouldn't go with me tomorrow night to see the Chinese curios at Horton's," I heard Peters say.

Polly noticed that I was giving attention, and her manner grew even more effusive than ever. "I shall be delighted to go. I've been wanting to ever so much, but I've had no opportunity. I suppose it's perfectly proper for a lady to go there?"

"Perfectly proper—perfectly," Peters

myself in a close place, and hoping Polly would not remember.

Polly nodded her head. A most formidable little body she looked just then.

"Oh, she's a very good friend of mine—a very good friend. Pretty, too, and sweet." I picked up a magazine, dropped into a chair, and began to read.

"You—you like her?" Polly's voice was mandatory, yet hesitating, as though fearful of the answer.

"Very much." I turned a page.

"Who is she? Aren't you going to tell me?" The voice was yet more imperative.

I shook my head.

"Well, you needn't, then. I don't care to know anyhow."

Stiffly erect, she walked to the window and looked down. She began to whistle, then she thrummed against the window pane with her fingers, then she was silent. Then she moved out of my range of vision and for several minutes I heard her stirring about behind me. Suddenly I felt a hand come down softly on either shoulder and a head nestle close to mine.

"Who is she, Tom? There's a good boy. Now tell me," Polly coaxed. "She is ugly, isn't she, and her hair is red? Of course it is."

There was no resisting this new method of attack. The best I could do was to yield in my own way.

"I'm afraid she isn't ugly and her hair isn't red."

"And she isn't even freckled?" Polly's disappointment showed in her voice.

"Not even freckled. In fact, she's very much like you."

"Why, she isn't so bad, after all," Polly admitted.